

# THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

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## The Christian Ambassador.

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### THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

A SERMON BY THE REV. E. CASE, JR., GENEVA, N. Y.

"He shall not fail, nor be discouraged,"—Isaiah, xlii. 4.

The most sublime subject of meditation, upon which the human mind can rest, is the Mission of Jesus. It is in grandeur above every outward and material object, however imposing and impressive they may be. As true, we are lost in contemplation, in awful and mysterious depth of thought, while beholding some great wonder of nature, or while meditating upon the glories and grandeur of the material universe. We stand upon the brow of Niagara, and as the fall of its mighty waters and the thunder of their voice, awe and inspire the soul, we sink into ourselves, and become lost in our insignificance. We stand at the base of some dark old mountain, leaning itself in bold outline against the sky, and we think of the might and power of Him who could pile up so stupendous a monument of his own omnipotence and Majesty. We look out upon the great ocean, and the sound of its solemn voices, and the vast reaches of its dim receding distance, call to our mind the vastness of that Being who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand. We look up into the immeasurable realms of space, and while lost in surveying the solemn mysteries of the midnight heavens or the mid-day sky, are overwhelmed with astonishment even at our limited and wrong conceptions of Him "who stretches abroad the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in"—"who hath meted them out with a span," and "who bringeth out their hosts by number." Yet all these outward and material objects. Their relations, manifestations and tendencies, though highly interesting, are in some sense necessary, to our own development and happiness of being; yet after all, fail of affecting us in the same manner as does some great subject in which is concerned the moral sublimity of mind. And hence, they have far less power to arouse the latent emotions and aspirations of the soul than such a subject as the Mission of Christ.

Again, if we enter the domains of mind and contemplate its manifestations in some of the greatest and best that ever lived, yet in their mightiest acts they are only secondary in importance to the subject in hand, however great they may have been. We have heard of tyrants being banished from his country, only because he was just—of a Socrates drinking the poison only because he was virtuous and wise. We have seen in the lives of the benevolence of a Howard in carrying comfort and consolation to the forlorn and the needy, the heroism and in prison; we have seen a Washington great in counsel, great in valor and heroism, great in establishing the freedom, independence, and glory of a nation. Yet delighted as we are to hold these things to the eye of mind,—pleased as we are, and justly pleased to see human nature act so gloriously and worthily of itself, even here the mission of the Christ must take precedence,—here must even these

sublime manifestations of moral greatness yield. These things, in comparison with the mission of Christ, are but specks in the moral Universe,—these things are but riches in the temple of time. They are confined within the circle of a few years at most, they all fall within the limits of some country or nation, in their most important and impressive effects. But not so with the mission of Christ! It did not even begin with time. It was conceived and planned before time, in the glory that he had with the Father before the world was. It was the incipient step to the institution and establishment of a kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world. It began before time, it extends through time, and it will endure, in its effects, throughout eternity. It affects not one mind, but millions—countless millions of minds. It belongs not to one country, but to all the world. It affects not the destinies of a single race, but all nations, all kindreds and all tongues of men; and hence we say, that the mission of Christ is the most sublime subject for meditation upon which the human mind can rest.

What adds to the interest of this subject is, the certainty of the accomplishment of its purposes.—Others have undertaken great enterprises, and have failed in their outset. Others again, have more or less partially succeeded, and been called great and good in their degree. But here we have the most sublime undertaking, the most magnificent enterprise that ever roused the hopes and aspirations of men, all based upon the most perfect certainty of accomplishment, sealed by the divine approbation and made sure by the divine promises; "He shall not fail nor be discouraged."

We are now prepared to discuss a few propositions of interest to the hearer. And the first is, that Christ came to recover men to holiness, by the diffusion of a holy doctrine.

The first grand feature, and the characteristic excellence of this doctrine, is that it is a *perfect doctrine*. This cannot be said of any doctrine that was ever before published to mankind. If we go back into the ages of Pagan Philosophy, however, much we may admire some of their systems, yet we cannot but feel grieved and shocked to witness the failures of those great men, their founders; we cannot but feel grieved and shocked at the imperfections and incongruities that entered into them, and which they proposed for the general acceptance of mankind. Things were advanced and propagated as morals against which every voice of reason and of nature cries out. Some of the most shocking enormities against nature were deemed acts worthy of the Gods, and were in accordance with these conceptions, honored and eulogised. Some of their teachings were directly in the face of others, and at war with the common weal and the common good of our race. Others were dark, confused and mysterious, having allegorical meanings, or no meanings at all; designed for the use of the learned and the erudite, or for individuals and nations in a collective and governmental capacity; and these were confined to a particular city, a particular age or particular nation. Besides, it never entered their heads as philosophers, that the masses were to be enlightened and elevated. It never came into their minds that the poor and the common-place among men were of any value in a moral point of view; and that the glory and the grandeur of a nation consists not so much in deeds of arms, in the rank and riches of its citizens, as in the moral advancement of the masses, and the elevation and purification of their manners and their morals; not so much



in its arms and victories, as in the power of education and the consolidating influences of religion and morality among its people. But not so with the religion of Christ. It consists not of here and there a scattered ray of light and truth to direct and instruct us along the moral path way of life and duty, while all the rest is darkness and confusion; but it is the full blaze, the unspotted and unclouded brilliancy of the sunshine of truth. All is perfect harmony and consistency. His doctrine began where it should begin, in the human heart. It was not designed to play around the head, to please the taste and gratify the fancy of a few; to adorn and embellish the speculations of great men, and its grand and leading truths be talked of as things that have an existence, but no practical reality; but it was designed for the heart. It began at the foundation and superstructure of Society, among the poor, the wandering and the outcast. It was designed to penetrate and illuminate their hearts, to pour into them the light of knowledge—to quicken them in perceptions of piety and holiness, satisfied that if the foundations of society could be regenerated, that the heaven would work its way upward, regenerating the surface and bearing on its bosom, by the might of its influence, man to his proper rank and condition in the scale of being, and perfect him in all the excellencies and adornments, the faculties and attributes of his nature. It begins with the infant in its cradle, and thence forward, through all the great journey of life, in all the shadows and varieties of conditions in which man is placed, in poverty or in riches, in lowliness or in rank, in sorrow or in joy, in happiness or unhappiness, it has a balm for every wound, a cordial for every fear, a hope for every despondency, a joy for every sorrow, a comfort for every affliction, a strength for every weakness, a consolation for every adversity. And even in prosperity, it teaches how to bear with moderation and firmness the gales that swell our hopes, and thus adds a higher zest to joy, and a double bliss to all our happiness. It teaches us our relations and duties to others as well as ourselves—that the highest and most acceptable homage we can render God, is the most acceptable duty or blessing we can confer upon our fellow man. It opens to the soul the glorious prospect of our race, purified and elevated in virtue and happiness, and instructs us how we may and must become instrumental in aiding in so high and holy an enterprise. It smoothes the rugged journey of life, leads us softly and gently down its decline, withdraws the sting from death, illuminates the darkness of the tomb, and points us forward to an immortality of existence and a joyful reality of being at God's right hand. It shows us our own nature elevated and expanded, purified and exalted in the light of eternity, and how it may go on to increase forever and ever, in all that is great and good, in all that gives it energy and strength, in all that brings it nearer and nearer to God and the joyful perfection of its own being. Under such views and such influences, it is impossible, when thoroughly understood, but that the good must become better, and the bad be made good,—impossible that human nature should sink in the scale of being, or the race of man, their aims and purposes end in universal or even partial depravity, but all be ultimately rendered refined and purified, holy and happy.

But again, Jesus Christ is the first one that ever conceived the idea of a Universal system,—the first one whose love and sympathy were as vast as the name of humanity. Others have propagated systems and advanced doctrines, but they sink into meanness and insignificance beside what he taught. They did not reach to the confines of humanity: they were not vast enough for the human race. They only took in the narrow limits of some nation or country, some kingdom or people. And even there we have seen how defective they were. But Christ stooped not to so small a conquest as this. The world was his, as it should be every great and good man's theatre of action, and his domain was the empire

of the human heart. He had a truth that was vast enough for all, without becoming impoverished. He had good tidings of great joy for all people. And to him alone belongs the distinguished honor of conceiving the moral aggrandisement of all nations and kindreds and tongues of men, propagating a doctrine worthy of their acceptance, and consolidating their hearts and affections under one universal empire of love, where all should beat and throb with one universal pulse of joy. "Upon this point," says Dr. Channing, he "concentrated the whole of the vast energies of his great soul, to unfold, to confirm and enforce a religion that should fill the whole earth and be an everlasting monument of his greatness to the end of time."

Once more. The things of which we have spoken, are not an accidental end that may be accomplished in relation to some, yet fail in relation to others. This is not a temple that can stand with a part of its foundations and pillars taken away; or rather we should say, that can stand unfinished and unperfected. The whole must stand or none. The religion of Christ is perfect and harmonious in all its parts; and its relations and adaptations are such that the whole must stand or fall together. We say then, that this is not an accidental end. The wisdom, and the power, and the goodness of God, are all at stake in this matter. And for this reason: the wisdom, power and goodness of God were all concerned in the creation of man. We know that it has been very fashionable, and is yet in some places, to argue, or rather declaim,—for it can scarcely be called argument,—that God did of his sovereign pleasure, without any foresight of faith or good works, or any merit on the part of the creature, elect some to everlasting glory and reprobate others to eternal misery. But against such a doctrine as this every voice of reason and every pulse of humanity cries out. It is said in justification of this, that God does it expressly for his own glory. But a God of infinite goodness, and surely one of infinite wisdom, was wise enough to know how many created beings were necessary to his glory in their exaltation, without the necessity of the reprobation of any. And we feel fully persuaded that when he had created that number, he would have restrained his energies and ceased from the works of his hands, and not while the divine ear was drinking in anthems of rapture on one hand, be saluted with the agonising wails of the damned on the other. No: His Eye took in the whole plan of man's creation, preservation and redemption; and when he commissioned his Son to come down to earth for the redemption of man, he fully invested him with powers equal to the task. He gave him "the tongue of the learned and the wisdom of the wise." He adorned his humanity with "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person;" and through that humanity he shadowed forth to us, the unmistakable evidences of the grandeur of "the image of the invisible God." But this is not all. "God has highly exalted him and given him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in the earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." And with these holy and happy views before us, and the inspiration of such heavenly sentiments glowing in our mind, we cannot forbear believing and cherishing the words of the text, that "He shall not fail nor be discouraged."

And O, what a glorious thought it is, that He who took so much interest and delight in the sanctification and redemption of our race, is now set down at the right hand of the majesty on high, with power and might sufficient to finish and perfect it! How the soul swells in inexpressible gladness and joy at the heavenly contemplation! In the days of his earthly pilgrimage he passed along the walks of life, "despised and rejected of men,"—"a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." We



crow, because of the Savior's sake, that it was so. When we read of his tedious journeying from place to place on foot, of his hungering and thirsting by the way; of his disciples plucking the corn to satisfy their cravings of appetite,—when we read of the malice of his enemies, the many snares they laid for his life—how often they sought to lay hands on him, but dare not for fear of the multitude, how he was forced to flee from them in this place and pass by them in that,—when we remember how often, wayworn and weary, he stole away from the multitude that thronged him, that tired creature might seek refreshment in repose and in prayer, when at last we follow him to the garden and its agonies, and thence through the judgment hall, its scourges and revilings, its mock robe and crown of thorns; thence again to Calvary's bloody summit, and there witness his mild and patient sufferings, and hear—while his blood flows from his pierced and bleeding side—the great soul, that vast humanity go out in a prayer for his enemies, such as the world never before heard, we are founded with amazement and grief. We are sorry for Jesus' sake, yet I for one rejoice for the sake of humanity. He had a work given him to do, and a part of that work was to teach mankind the great lesson that he never taught them before—the great lesson of knowledge how to suffer. And nobly and faithfully to the last iota he performed his duty; and in the last moments of his life he cried out upon the cross, in a voice that shall reach earth's remotest shore, and swell with joy the last note that beats with the pulses of time, "It is finished!"

I cannot contemplate the Savior in the days of his humiliation,—I never can trace him from the stable of Bethlehem, amid cheerlessness and poverty, where the beasts of the stall were feeding around him, and the cold drops of the morning were shining coldly on his forehead,—I never can trace him thence to the cross and witness the moral sublimity and grandeur of his character increasing step by step and day by day, without being astonished at myself. I am overcome at my own weakness and imbecility. I am overwhelmed that ever I should attain the ascendancy in my being, or that the great powers and capacities of my nature should ever be so much humiliated as to listen to her syren song or to her luring voice. I am ashamed that passion should gain an unwonted ascendancy, that caprice should lead me to swerve from my duty, that inconsistency should subdue my fixedness and steadfastness of purpose, drag down my soul from its lofty aspirations and downward flights. I am mortified at the remembrance that I was ever illiberal in my sentiments, ungenerous in my sympathies, unkind in my associations, unfaithful in my friendship, inconstant in my love. I could turn away and weep at these things—weep in very anguish of soul at the abasement and humility of human nature; when in comparison with Christ, hide my diminished head and never speak, but in sobs, again. But even here I find comfort. I rejoice in the thought that I have Jesus Christ for my Instructor, my Guide, my Justifier, my Redeemer, my unchangeable and steadfast Friend. I rejoice that my keeping and salvation are entrusted to his hands. In him I behold the excellence of all perfection, the riches of all wisdom, the power of all might, the indestructibility and efficacy of all truth, and the power and goodness of all love. And he is the Father, as well as myself, "well pleased."

Whose hands, then, can we more safely trust the redemption of universal man? None! We might go through the records of all time, beginning at Adam, and to the last man whose spirit burns dim, as the sun and the stars fade away, and the heavens, like a vesture, are rolled up, and amid all the bright galaxy of names that long record, the name of Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world and the friend of universal man, would stand and glow the brightest, the Sun of all time and the Star of eternity. For he must reign till he hath

subdued all enemies, and he will not fail nor be discouraged till he has fulfilled all the good pleasure of the Father. O, how the soul swells with joyful aspirations at this vast idea—this glad and joyous thought! O, how "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing."

"Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus;  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us."

And now, my hearers, I should fail of my duty, did I not make an application of this discourse to ourselves. And, in the first place, I ask, do we profit from the great lesson of duty and truth the Savior has given us? Or, do we suppose that the weakness and frailty of our humanity exempts us from the attachment of blame for our transgressions, and hence from the necessity of attention. God bless us, my hearers, this is the very reason why we should be the more attentive. The very fact of the weakness and the frailty of our humanity is the reason why we should study the great lessons that were set for us in that humanity, and endeavor to attain to the excellency of him who perfected it in his own person by taking it upon him and displaying through it the goodness and love of God for our race. It was this very humanity that the glory of God illuminated and exalted in the person of his Son, and demonstrated to us its moral susceptibilities, capabilities and worth, and to what high degrees of purity and greatness it has the power of attaining. Secondly. We have not only a lesson given us, but we have a duty enforced in this lesson—the duty of following out the great exemplar of human virtues and human greatness in all the sublime grandeur of his character. In all the practical duties and relations of life, we are to be guided by his example, instructed by his wisdom, admonished by his counsels, inspired by his affections, sustained by his strength, subdued by his humility, made constant by his affections, and perfect by his love.

O, let us then endeavor to profit by these things! Let us endeavor, like him, not to fail nor be discouraged, but ever live to the glory of God and the true honor and welfare of our race. And let us endeavor to cultivate a living and an earnest faith, that shall manifest itself more in actions than in words, more in silent, yet ardent vigor of spirit than in vain show and idle declamation; that in the end, when we come to review our life's history, it may be found, as was the Savior's, finished in the beauty of holiness and the perfection of love.

#### TRUE WOMEN.

The true woman—whether she be the modest virgin, the prudent wife or careful matron—is more serviceable in this life than all the heroines of novels since the day of Cervantes. She who maketh the fire of virtuous emulation spring in the heart of youth—she who rears a family in virtue and honesty, renders a nobler service to the world than was ever done by a Joan of Arc. Women are not formed for the serverer cares of life, but, to smoothe the brow of those who bear the "heat and burden of the day." And she who performs well in her appropriate sphere, does queenly. But when she moves out of her sphere she moves graceless and loveless.

#### GOOD REPLY.

Some years ago, a clergyman was addressed by his friend thus: 'You have a very large family, you have as many children as the patriarch Jacob.' 'True!' answered the good old divine; 'and I have also Jacob's God to provide for them.'

"It was said of a rich miser, that he died in great want—the want of more money."



Selected.

## MY SLEEPING CHILDREN.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Ye sleep, my children! on your soft blue eyes—  
Those eyes that once, like Summer-sunlight glancing,  
From morn till eve with joy seemed ever dancing—  
A mournful slumber lies!

Ye sleep! but I—I wake to watch your rest!  
Yet not as erst, when, round your temples wreathing,  
The light locks stirred, at every gentle breathing  
From your full, quiet breast!

No more my finger on my lips I lay,  
Lest some rude sound, some sudden footstep—jarring  
Your little couch, and the hushed stillness marring—  
Should chase your sleep away!

Ah, no! the winds go moaning o'er your heads,  
And the sweet dryads of the valley, winging  
In airy circles, wild, shrill strains are singing,  
Above your grassy beds.

But ye awake not! They disturb not now!  
And a vain gush of child-like grief comes o'er me,  
As the dread memory sudden sweeps before me  
That death is on your brow!

O, precious ones, that seemed too fair to die!  
My soft-eyed Mary—child of seraph-sweetness—  
Bright vision, vanished with a shadow's fleetness—  
Why hast thou left me? Why?

Wert weary, gentle dove, of this cold world?  
And didst thou long to rest thy little pinions  
Far in those bright and beautiful dominions,  
Where they at last are furled?

Wert homesick, darling? Could thy little heart  
Yearn for a love more tender than we bore thee,  
Yearn for a watch more fond and faithful o'er thee,  
That thou shouldst hence depart?

That thou shouldst hence and leave me here behind,  
To fold thy little robes in silent anguish;  
To dry my tears, then weep again; to languish  
For what I cannot find?

Had my low cradle-song no longer charms—  
That cradle-song, whose soft and plaintive numbers  
Lull'd thee each evening to thy gentle slumbers—  
To keep thee in my arms?

And thou, my boy! my beautiful! my own!  
Twin-cherub of the one who stands beside me,  
Grieving that we within the earth should hide thee,  
And leave thee all alone!

Grieving that thou canst play with him no more!  
That, though his tears upon thy grave are falling,  
Thy voice replies not to his mournful calling,—  
Unheeded ne'er before!

Did the sweet cup of life already cloy,  
That from thy lips, ere scarcely it was tasted—  
Ere from its brim one sparkling gleam was wasted,  
Thou laidst it down, my boy?

Nay, wherefore question?—To my pleading vain,  
No voice to still my spirit's restless yearning,—  
No sweet reply to soothe my heart's deep burning,  
Comes from your graves again!

Ye were! ye are not! thus earth's bloom decays!—  
I watch the flowers 'neath Autumn's footsteps dying,  
Yet know the Spring-breath, o'er the vallies sighing,  
Each from its tomb will raise.

But ye! O, ye!—Though soft the vernal rain,  
The sweet spring-showers—stern Winter's chains dissolving—  
May round you fall—earth's loveliest flowers evolving,—  
Ye will not bloom again!

Though by the streams and all the meadows o'er,

'Mid woods and dells, the South's gay clarion ringing,  
May peal till life is everywhere upspringing,  
Ye—ye will wake no more!

Nay, ye *will* wake!—Not here—not here—but There—  
In Heaven!—O, there, ye bloom e'en now!—where never  
Falls the chill blight, and each sweet flower forever  
Lives beautiful and fair!

There shall I find you—stainless, pure and bright,  
As the pure seraph-eyes, whose myriad numbers  
Are watching now above your peaceful slumbers  
From the far zenith's height!

There shall I clasp you to my heart once more,  
And feel your cheeks mine own, with rapture, pressing  
Till all my being thrills with your caressing,  
And all its pain is o'er!

Dear ones, sleep on! A low, mysterious tone,  
Solemn, yet sweet, my spirit's ear is filling,  
Each wilder grief within my bosom stilling,  
And hushing sorrow's moan!

It tells me, that, no shadow on your brow,  
Far from the clouds that closely round me gather,  
Clasped in the bosom of the Good All-Father,  
Ye're blest and happy now!

Ay! blest and happy! never more shall tears  
Dim those sweet eyes!—temptation ne'er shall round you  
Wind its dark coils, nor guilt, nor falsehood wound you,  
Through all your endless years!

Farewell, awhile! Ye were my heart's delight!  
Ye were sweet stars, my spirit's clouds dissolving,  
Round which my heart was evermore revolving,  
Like some fond satellite!

Ah! well I loved you! but I yield you up,  
Without one murmur, at my Father's calling!  
With childlike trust, though fast my tears are falling,  
I drink the bitter cup!

I drink; for He whom angels did sustain  
When the dread hour of mortal anguish met him,  
When friends forgot and deadly foes beset him,  
Stands by to soothe my pain!

I drink; for Thou, O God! preparedst the draught  
Which to my lips Thy Father-hand is pressing!  
I know, 'neath ill's oft lurks the deepest blessing—  
Father! the cup is quaffed!

'Tis quaffed! and now, O Father! I restore  
The little children Thou in mercy sent me!  
Sweet blessings were they, for a season lent me!  
Take back Thine own, once more!

Yet, O forget not, Lord! thy child is weak!  
The dregs are bitter which my lips are draining;  
And my faint heart hath need of Thy sustaining!  
Father! thy child is weak!

Yet, take Thine own! Their souls are innocent!  
Their little lives were beautiful and blameless!  
I bring them back to Thee, pure, white and stainless,  
E'en as when they were lent!

Keep them, and make them each a shining gem  
'Mid the bright things which fill the bowers of Heaven,  
Till mine own spirit soars—earth's fetters riven—  
Home! Home! to Thee and them!

Universalist Quarterly.

## VALUE OF LABOR IN AUSTRALIA.

A private letter dated Sydney, Feb. 29th says:—"The last ship of emigrants were hired for the year at from £23 to £30, single men; from £16 to £25, single woman; from £35 to £45 married couples, besides food and lodgings. You never saw anything like the rush that was made to secure them. The anxiety for a prize number in the lottery was not to be compared to it."



## Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

No. XVIII.

BUCKERBERG, July 27, 1848.

BRS.:—At length we came upon a level thickly wooded, where there suddenly stood up before us a massive barrier with a broad arch through which we could look out over a deep valley of trees directly before us. This is a natural arch, from a base upon which the whole mass of rock rests. We approached it on the north side, over a wooden bridge thrown across a ravine which is not deep, and enter at once under the arch, which, on this side, may be 50 or 60 feet wide at the base, and in the lowest place, perhaps, 20 feet high, like the segment of a circle. It contracts in the centre and is not over 15 feet high, and then enlarges to the height of 40 or 50 feet, and wide in proportion. There is an area out upon the south side 40 feet wide, protected by a high buttress of the rock, which continues on that side of the arch that distance, and rises to the height of the whole mass, perhaps 80 or 90 feet in height. From this platform the precipice descends perpendicularly 150 or 200 feet. A fence is built about the edge to prevent people from falling off. The arch is 23 paces, or 70 feet through, the 40 feet projecting on the west side, but open on the other. The south front rises nearly perpendicular, and far up it names have been cut in the soft stone by means of ladders. The main arch does not rise direct from the base upon which we pass, but from abutments which rise nearly horizontally 4 or 5 feet, and come to within 20 feet of each other in the narrowest place. On the south-east side there is an aperture through which we pass out to the east, where a portion of the rock is excavated, and we turn round to the left side so direct that we can see clear through it. By this we ascend to the summit up steps made by inserting round sticks, where the steps in the stone had worn off, and come out about over the centre of the arch below. Passing round upon the projecting battlement, on the east side, we had a view of the whole arch and far over the wild scenery around. From this we descended by a zig-zag course down to the level of the base of the arch, and clambered out over stones to the southwest portion of the mass, and entered a sort of cave, surrounded and overhung by fragmentary rocks. This is where the Bohemian Protestants took shelter in the times of the persecutions. In the caves about these rocks the inhabitants have often found shelter from the havoc of war. The arch itself takes its name from the fact that the *cows* were driven in here for security in such times. Kuhstall is *cowstall*. A room has been cut in the rock near the arch, where various articles are kept to eat, or drink, or look at, or purchase. Under a shelving part of the arch a man and two women were seated with musical instruments. The man played the flute, the elder woman the violin, and the younger, a very handsome young girl in a plain, neat dress of the Bohemian peasantry, played the guitar and sung admirably some Bohemian songs. I thought of the "Hutchinson Family," whom I met at the White Mountains about a year ago, and the comparison was, by no means, ungenerous to either. She had a splendid voice and managed it admirably, which, joined to the romantic scenery, thrilled strangely upon one's feelings. But we have in our land no spot so singularly grand as this, where our rural maids can sing their wild and sweet mountain airs.

We left the Kuhstall by descending a ravine ten feet wide close under the main rock, the sides of which were as true as if cut by man. Down a few rods we turn at a right angle and pass down through the main rock by a crooked, narrow fissure, the sides of which overhang the pass entirely. Having reached the bottom, the path lay through a thick forest near a mile, when we begin

to ascend the Little Winterberger, around the sides of which we wind and come out upon another platform which overlooks another Herculanæum, surrounded by pillows with rounded tops, but of an extent vastly greater than the one before described. Coal is dug from the bottom of this gorge, which is conveyed out by the valley of the Kirnitsch to Schandan. Proceeding, we wound round one branch of this terrific chasm, and in half an hour ascended to the "Great Winterberger." On our way we met two old women with great baskets on their backs. They had been to carry articles up to the hotel. On their return they had picked raspberries which they offered us with sugar, a rare luxury to one hungry and weary. There is a fine hotel kept on the Winterberger, where many people usually resort. The troubled state of the country has prevented most people from traveling. Not a tenth part of the usual number have visited these hotels this summer. The view from the top of the inn is unbounded in every direction. The wild and rugged scenery of the east, extending over the range of Bohemian mountains, the more gently sloping hills of the south, and the rich cultivated fields of the west, with the towering peaks of Lilienstein, Königstein, the Bastei, &c., the winding course of the Elbe, and the deep glens and narrow defiles which lead out of the rough wilderness of rocks, to the banks of the river, all presents a grand panorama, at once beautiful, grand and unique. I have never seen aught like it in all my travels. The nearest resemblance is found in the rocks on the banks of the Mississippi, below St. Louis. But that only compares with the rocky columnar glens. There is there, none of the richly variegated scenery which is here presented. In fact this scene is unlike any I ever saw or read of before. It is one singularly beautiful.

From the Winterberg we descended into the forest for a mile or so, when we were overtaken by a shower, the signs of which were numerous and convincing before we started, in the heavy clouds, lightning and thunder which rolled around us. With one of our quondam friends I shared my umbrella, in consideration of which he accommodated me with a full share of smoke, puffed continually in my face. Poor guide, "No. 36," who, by the way, is one of the finest guides I ever met, had no shelter, so I stopped under a tree and took him under also, to share the smoke with me. The rain over, we passed on, and soon came out upon another precipice as grand as any before described. A little further out upon one of the crags which shoot off from the main level, we came to the *Prebisch Thor*, which is a massive arch, or bridge thrown over a space 100 feet long and 60 or 70 high, the cap or cover being, say 15 feet wide and 12 thick, the farther end resting on a column not more than a dozen feet in diameter, from the top of which there is a platform reached by crossing over the arch. From this eminence to the shelving ground below it must be 150 feet. On the north, a few rods off, is another projection still higher, a few feet from which stands a looming column called the "Steeple," which must be 70 or 80 feet high and nearly round. Behind these there is a deep gorge studded with colossal columns, some square, some round and some pyramidal, another city of "Petra."

As I stood here and gazed, wondering *how* all these strange things were produced, and gazing upon the sun softly sinking to the west, the idea flashed into my mind that this was once the shore of the vast ocean, whose waters, agitated by the west winds, dashed and foamed around these rocks, and wore away the soft sand-stone into the wild columnar shapes they now present. The appearance is very much like the rocky coasts of New England, except this soft sand-stone is more easily worn; and the strata, which is nearly horizontal, and the lateral fissures, of course, perpendicular, have left it in the shapes now seen. Another evidence of the correctness of this notion is, that the summits of all these rocks are nearly level with each other and with the country back



of them. The mountains here are *down*, with the exception of undulations common in all lands. Another reason I have thought of, is in the granite boulders scattered along the flat lands from the Elbe to the Baltic, one of which has been formed into the huge basin at Berlin. It is manifest that all the lower portions of Germany were once inundated. Some parts of it are now little more than a sandy beach. Still another proof I found yesterday; far up the side of the range of hills bordering the vale of the Weser, through which it flows at the pass of Westphalia, in examining the stones, I discovered, on dashing a hard limestone to pieces, a petrified muscle which confirms me in the opinion before expressed. But as I have not read the geology of this country I will say no more, lest I make some mistakes to be laughed at. I will reserve the theory for another time.

From Prebisch Thor we descended by a steep, difficult route to the vale of the Biel, which we followed to the Kamnitz and thence to the village of Hirniskratochen, on the Elbe, where we hired a "gondeln" to Shandau; from whence we returned to Dresden the next morning.

On our way down the mountain we saw two old women with monstrous packs of green grass on their backs, and a little girl also with a pack. She might have been ten years old. They were bringing grass for a goat the distance of more than two miles down that horrid precipice. What a life such persons must lead! The curse of God must lie on Bohemia till her daughters are permitted to sustain the dignity which belongs to them.

W. S. B.

## THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York :

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1848.

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### THE FEAR OF GOD.

Fear implies an apprehension of some kind of danger or evil; some inconvenience or unhappiness which we wish to avoid. There are two kinds of fear spoken of in the Bible; one is a *filial* fear, the other a *slavish* fear. Jeremiah refers to *filial* fear in the following words: "And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." We find a reference to the same fear in Genesis: "And he said, Lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me." To this fear Solomon refers when he says: "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

In all these instances the word fear denotes reverence or veneration, and implies a disposition to obey his will from a full conviction that it is right and holy, and that obedience is safe and good. This kind of fear is compatible with confidence and love. It implies no distrust of divine wisdom, power or justice, but exists in the heart which has an unwavering hope in the mercy, compassion and protection of God. This kind of fear is possessed by all Christians. There is no love which expels it from the heart: The perfect love of which the Apostle speaks, that casteth out fear, has no power to expel a *filial* fear. The more entirely a soul is under the influence of love, the greater will be its veneration for God, its desire to keep his law, and have his approbation. This fear does not, as is sometimes supposed, imply freedom from all apprehen-

sions of evil. The heart which has a filial fear of God is deterred from wrong in part by a consciousness that wrong would involve it in trouble. It dreads the trouble that would result from wrong, and wishes to avoid it. This, however, is not its only motive to do right. It loves right; sees its superlative excellences and its power to confer the highest of all possible good upon the soul.

The inquiry is sometimes raised, How can a perfectly good being be an object of such fear? This question supposes that a perfectly good being cannot punish; whereas nothing is farther from the truth. A being perfectly good loves and supports goodness. To say that such a being loves and patronizes evil is a contradiction; for a righteous principle is an invariable resolution to maintain right. But in order to maintain right we must oppose wrong; inasmuch as it is the source of all misery. Infinite goodness then, must punish evil as well as encourage and protect virtue. God will punish evil then, to the extent that is requisite to remove it and redeem the sinner from its dominion. We may, therefore, fear a Being infinitely good; we may not only venerate his character, but dread his displeasure; for it is perfectly consistent with his nature to visit us with painful and terrible suffering. This fear influences us to forsake wrong. It had such an influence upon Job. Because he feared God he eschewed evil. This fear is the beginning of knowledge, for it is awakened by an apprehension of the excellency and rectitude of God. Hence the more full and perfect is our knowledge of God, the greater will be our admiration of him, and the greater our fear of his displeasure. We may, then, though we hold that God is infinite love and never punishes except in love, with perfect propriety appeal to the fears of sinners.

I know a different idea is entertained. I know it is argued, that when we appeal to their fears we step upon the ground occupied by those who rely on the fear of endless woe, to effect the conversion of the wicked. Such is not the case however. There are evils, alarming evils, under the government of a holy God—evils that come by his appointment; he has ordained that they shall invariably result from the violation of his laws. And to these we may point the transgressor; we may spread them out before his mind in all their terrific grandeur, that he may see what will certainly come upon him if he continues his guilty course; and by their wasting, withering, dreadful character make him pause and consider, and turn to the God who, though he smites, loves with infinite love, and smites that he may bless.

If Universalism did not allow this appeal to the fears, I should say that it was radically defective; for fear is one of the mightiest springs of human action. I will not pretend to say which has the greater power, fear or love, for a decision of such a question is by no means essential to the establishment of the point under consideration. It is enough to know, that men have fears; that they are inherent in our nature; that they deter us from wrong. These fears are constantly bidding us to beware of evil. They are watchful sentinels placed within us as guards. While they do not overwhelm us with terrors, they act as warders to excite within us apprehensions, and make us look well at what we choose, and at what we do. They act as a stimulus to our other faculties and make them observe and trace consequences, that safety may be insured; and when these faculties do their duty in proper form the impulses of fear, instead of being painful, are the reverse. They communicate a feeling of safety which is exceedingly agreeable. This shows how essential fear is, and how benevolent it was in Deity to implant it in our nature. We are placed in a wide field of danger. Evils attend us on every hand, and when fear is active we are constantly on the watch. Those in whom it becomes dormant, are ever rushing headlong into



trouble. If our fears were properly excited, we should see written in broad, blazing letters on every gateway of evil:—*This is the road to death, and all who walk therein are certain of destruction.*

Fear is lulled to repose in the bosoms of all who give way to sinful indulgences. If it were not how could they pursue the courses they do? How could the liar pursue his course? How could the inebriate pursue his course? How could the dishonest pursue his course? How could the thief pursue his course? If fear were always true to its office, all the consequences of sin would be ever visible to the mind; and we should be deterred from all that is sinful. God does not rely entirely upon one part of our nature to govern and stimulate us to action. He brings all possible influences to bear in prompting us to do right. There is a sense of duty, and he appeals to that. There is our inherent love of excellence, he appeals to that. There is our feeling of gratitude, he appeals to that. There is our love of approbation, he appeals to that. There is our desire for esteem and influence, he appeals to that. And then, there is our dread of danger, he appeals to that. I do not say that fear is the highest motive which influences us. I grant that it is not. I admit that it is one of the lowest motives which can operate upon us. Still God has implanted it within us, and it has its use; it gives influence to the other motives, and aids us in making choice of the higher principles of action. Seeing the danger of wrong and its terrible consequences, we are led to choose right, and to see its worth, inasmuch as it is safe, pleasant and productive of the greatest possible good. In that way we become exalted to the highest state of moral perfection, and live under the influence of the holiest principles of action. Mere fear is not enough. Perhaps the most it does is to stand with its flaming sword as a guard at the gateway of evil. I grant, that of itself, it has not power to exalt, to purify and perfect our nature. Its office is not to draw out our affections, to develop the kindlier feelings, or move the holiest springs of action. It is to guard against wrong and sin rather than stimulate to right and virtue; it is to keep man within those bounds where he will be open to the higher influences.

If right in this particular, our fear of God must have in it nothing of a slavish character; for such a fear is wholly incompatible with love to God, with trust, gratitude and praise. It is indispensable, therefore, that in all our appeals to the fears of man, we ascribe to God no principle of action not in perfect harmony with love and mercy; that we give to him no partiality, no revenge, no cruelty; nothing which will make him do, or say, or desire the least thing inconsistent with the sinner's infinite and everlasting good. This is indispensable, for while we fear God, we must love him; and fear is only designed to turn us from objects and pursuits that will prevent our giving to him our thoughts, our affections, our whole powers.

O. A. S.

### A CONDITIONAL SALVATION.

This subject is frequently spoken of as though a conditional salvation were altogether incompatible with the idea of universal salvation, and in this way much needless prejudice has been excited against us, and great injustice is done to our views and sentiments. That Universalists do not entertain the same opinions that partialists do, as to what are the conditions of salvation, is undoubtedly true; but this circumstance does by no means authorize them to charge us with denying the conditions of salvation as taught in the scriptures, or with believing in an unconditional salvation.

We claim to know the sentiments of our brethren concerning this matter, and we affirm, without the fear of successful contradiction, that there is not an intelligent Universalist in

existence that does not believe in a conditional salvation, in the proper sense of the term. That any soul can be saved while in a state of unbelief and sin, or in rebellion and opposition to God, is an idea too monstrously absurd to be entertained for a single moment by any reflecting mind. It is, therefore, an indispensable condition that the soul should be converted and be changed in order to experience the joys of salvation. Christ came into the world, as he declares, to bear witness to the truth, which, it seems to us, was quite a useless undertaking, if men could be saved as well without it. He gave them miracles and prophecy to convince them of the truth, none of which were needed if faith be not essential to salvation. He labored, and suffered, and died to reconcile men to God, which would scarcely have been required of him if men could be saved while in a state of rebellion and unreconciliation.

The truth is plainly written out, and the sentiment is reiterated in every part of the sacred word, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." These things Universalists believe as firmly, and teach as constantly, as do those of any faith or persuasion whatever, and yet, as it seems to us, in defiance of truth and candor, they are perpetually charged with holding to the monstrous absurdity of an unconditional salvation, and with teaching that all, whether believers or unbelievers, vile or holy, sanctified or sinful, will, at last, be thrust into Heaven in one common mass. We do not say that all who are guilty of making this preposterous charge intend willfully to defame us or our sentiments, but we do say, that if they would take one half the pains to understand us fairly that they have done to misrepresent and misinterpret our views, they would discover the important fact that we are undoubting believers in the great truth, that holiness of heart and life are indispensable conditions of enjoyment, either in this world or the next, and that without repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, there can be no such thing as salvation. They may honestly think that we are inconsistent in this, as we do most sincerely think they are; but they cannot honestly charge us with believing in an unconditional salvation. That we may not be misunderstood on this point, we must be allowed to observe, that when we speak of an unconditional salvation, we do not mean one that is either doubtful or contingent, for to our minds neither of these is implied in the term conditional. It does not follow that, because God works by means, that his plans are uncertain of accomplishment, and, since it has pleased him to institute faith and repentance as the means of salvation, we have an undoubting conviction that he knows how to render those means effectual. And when he says that "his counsel shall stand and he will do all his pleasure," we believe he will do it. This then, after all, is the real if not the only point of difference between us and our partialist brethren; not that they believe in a conditional and we in an unconditional salvation, but that we believe that God in his wisdom has instituted such conditions as will answer his purpose, while they affect to doubt or deny it.

Which of the two is the more rational and scriptural opinion we cheerfully submit to the judgment of the reader to determine.

S. C. E.

### ORDINATION.

Br. George Severance was ordained in Washington, N. H., Oct. 4t.

Reading of Scriptures, by Br. T. R. Spencer. Prayer, by Br. D. P. Bailey. Sermon, by Br. S. C. Loveland, from 2 Tim. iv: 5,—*But watch thou in all things; endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.*" Ordaining Prayer, by Br. A. Scott. Delivery of the Scriptures and Charge by Br. L. Willis. Right Hand of Fellowship by Br. N. R. Wright.



## THE VALUE OF A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

From a friend in whose judgment we have high confidence, and whose good opinion we greatly esteem, we have had very encouraging and flattering words, in relation to our paper, and the manner in which it has been conducted since it passed into the hands of the present editors. We have endeavored to give it variety, and are glad to know, that he thinks we have been successful in that endeavor. We agree with him fully, when he says, that it is difficult to make a paper duly serious without its being thought by some dull; and sufficiently lively, without its being thought by others light and trifling. If we have hit, as he thinks, upon the true medium, we have great reason to feel thankful. Our object is to make a useful paper; one that shall instruct its readers in the great doctrines of Christianity, strengthen their faith in its divinity, and encourage them to practice its virtues. Such a paper, we are confident, is one of the most efficient agents that can be employed in promoting the interests of our Zion. It defends our people and religion when assailed by the opposition presses and pulpits; it gives expositions of scripture, and doctrines and duties, and thus aids the preachers in their efforts to enlighten their people; it finds its way into families where no other messenger of truth can obtain admittance; it is read by those who would not venture to hear one of our preachers, and it keeps our whole people enlightened in regard to the movements of our denomination. A paper, therefore, should have the encouragement of all the preachers and people. If we would have our Societies prosper, let our papers be encouraged. If we would see the people kept interested, circulate among them our papers. We have heard some express the opinion, that the Messenger has done more for the establishment of Universalism in New York, than any other instrumentality that has been employed. While we would not be willing to express an opinion upon this point, we are confident that it has exerted a mighty power in raising our denomination to its present state.

We hope therefore, that it will receive the hearty support of ministers and people. We intend that it shall be a true Universalist paper—that it shall defend the Bible, and its glorious doctrines of grace and love; that it shall aid every great and good reform; that it shall seek unremittingly to stimulate all its readers to higher and still higher attainments in knowledge and holiness. While it shall not be a war paper, and seek causes for controversy with opponents, it shall be fearless in repelling unjust attacks. It is set for the defence of the Gospel of Christ; and to the interests of that Gospel its columns shall be entirely consecrated.

## STRANGE MERRIMENT.

The following article is copied from the Unitarian paper of this city. It brings very forcibly to our memory, a visit we once paid the celebrated Dr. Emmons of Franklin, Mass., one of the greatest Calvinistic divines that America ever produced. We found him one of the merriest old gentlemen that we ever saw. We had a long conversation upon his peculiar views; and when he thought he had made a good point in favor of endless woe, he would throw back his head, and laugh with the utmost heartiness. He was full of jokes, and some of his best were about the horrors of his creed. And yet he was civil, very kind, very fair in argument. Though at the time I was a mere youth, he listened attentively to all my arguments, and had none of that hauteur so common among old and eminent clergymen when opposed by one vastly their inferior. This merriment over the awful woes of his awful hell amazed me; and yet, I could not doubt his sincerity. I understand it now—he did not realize his creed—the bad parts of it were in his head rather than in his heart. By

the following, it will be seen, that Dr. Hopkins was somewhat like him.

"Dr. Channing says, in an admirable note respecting Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, when speaking of his facetiousness, 'This may seem inconsistent with the great severity of his theology; but nothing is more common than this apparent self-contradiction. The ministers who deal most in terrors, who preach doctrines which ought to make their flesh creep, and to turn their eyes into fountains of tears, are not generally distinguished by their spare forms or haggard countenances. They take the world as easily as people of a milder creed. It shows how little the import of language, which is thundered from the lips, is comprehended and felt. I should not set down as hard-hearted, a man whose appetite should be improved by preaching a sermon full of images and threatnings of a "bottomless-hell." The best meals are sometimes made after such effusions. We think it not unlikely that the writer of the following paragraph may have sharpened his appetite by his work. Certainly we should not suspect him of any such intense seriousness and gloom, as must have driven him into fasting. We quote the paragraph with no sinister purpose. It is only one of the ten thousand proofs which might be brought, to show that the faith of the head, after all, may not be the faith of the life. Had the idea of an actual hell blazed before the writer's spirit—had the faith been real, he would have answered even a caviller's question with an unspeakable solemnity.

**LOCALITY OF HELL.**—Cavillers often ask where hell is.—An answer to the question may be difficult. The question is a foolish one, to be sure, but fools must sometimes be answered according to their folly. And so we might say Hell is in any place where God chooses to have it; or where sinners choose to have it; or where devils make it. Or it may be in some planet—or between the planets; or it may be in no particular place. It may be everywhere but in heaven!

Now all this depends on what hell is. And when that is determined, the question may be discussed. *Hell is infinite misery.* Wherever infinite misery is endured, is hell. If, to produce this, it is necessary to put all wicked men into one pit, they will be put there: if not, they may have more room.—*New York Observer.*

## DEDICATION AT STOUGHTON, MASS.

We copy the following from the Christian Freeman:

**BR. COBB:**—Our Church was dedicated to the service of God on Thursday last. The house was filled early in the morning. Br. Miner, of Boston, preached one of his best logical sermons, and the people expressed themselves delighted with all the services. Br. Adams, of Malden, preached in the afternoon in his happy style. The day was very fine for the season, and all things went off well. It was judged that some five or six hundred persons sat down to the provisions which had been prepared for the occasion, by members of the society, in the hall under the Church. The ladies have done much to adorn and render more comfortable the Church, in carpeting and cushioning the whole throughout. The number of pews is 66, besides settees in the space around the stove. Notice was given that the pews would be offered to let the next day at 2 o'clock; and by 3 o'clock every pew was let, with an advance of \$191 over the appraisal, and some dozen more were wanted. The lack the Committee hope to supply soon by putting in a few more settees.

We have proceeded, as I believe, on the right principle in remodeling our place of worship. In the first place, the repairs were made by stockholders, and the whole paid for, and then given to the parish—after which, the house was offered up to God, free from all incumbrance.

Yours, affectionately.

M. B. BALLOU.

Stoughton, Oct. 16, 1848.

## WORTHY OF IMITATION.

Br. Wycoff, of Sabula, Iowa, writes thus to the Expounder:

"We have organized a Universalist society here; and although we have no preacher, we meet regularly, and read a sermon; and have good congregations." Let Universalists every where do likewise. Let them organize, and meet regularly every Sabbath, and pray and search the Scriptures together, and read a sermon; and the world would soon be converted to a knowledge of the truth.



## NEW LONDON.

BR. BULKELEY:—I had the pleasure, week before last, of visiting our friends in New London, and had the honor of preaching two Sundays to the society of which Br. T. J. Greenwood has been the respected and useful pastor for four or five years.

The business of New London has been on the decline for several years, and consequently the religious as well as other interests of the city have suffered. Our friends there have been unable to pay Br. Greenwood what they engaged to, and what they acknowledge his services have been worth. Br. Greenwood will seek another field of labor, and the kind wishes and prayers of many warm hearts will follow him wherever he may go.

The society went beyond their means in building their church; consequently they have considerable of a debt to answer for. They have a beautiful building; the best in the city, in a good location, and conveniently furnished. The society is not large but respectable in point of numbers: what pleased me much, was to see there was zeal in it. It is no dead body, but there is a spirit within which has prompted them to great exertions in times past, and which still operates among them. I had rather see ten families alone, whose members are active in the society, than to see a whole church full of lukewarm worshippers.

My visit at New London was indeed a pleasant one. I had personal interviews with a number of the society, and had the pleasure of meeting with them in two or three of their social gatherings. I found myself in the midst of friends whom I did not know before, and I need not say how grateful it was to my feelings to meet with a welcome in a place where I had thought I was almost a stranger: but how easily do the hearts of those unite who have one object in view, and that one the object of learning more of God, his sovereign will, and his adorable character.

I pray that the blessing of God may rest upon this society: that they may obtain a pastor worthy to occupy the place of one they have lost, who shall lead them to green pastures and pure and heavenly waters. I trust they may increase in numbers, but above all in the Christian graces, and that while they love one another with a perfect love they may act with a steady and undying zeal to propagate the truth of God's universal and unchanging goodness.

MOSES GOODRICH.

New York, Oct. 15.

## THE USES OF AFFLICTIONS.

Rev. Mr. Clapp, in a sermon published some months since, entitled, "Evil overruled for Good," has the following admirable remarks on the uses of afflictions. They are eloquent, true, and worthy of serious attention. We hope ere long to be favored with communications from their esteemed author. Behold a young man, possessed of the largest endowments of mind, person and fortune. He has well trained faculties, habits and glorious prospects; but in one day, perhaps, exchanges the ruddy glow and animated glance of health for the pallid cheek and leaden eye of disease; the open air, the meal, and sweet slumber, for the darkened room, the loathsome waste and the feverish dream. What terrific ravages does sickness of one week spread through that strong, healthy, proportioned and compact frame. No wonder the ancients thought that disease was the work of some demon, fiend or evil spirit, achieved in opposition to the goodness of our Heavenly Father. But even this form of evil is ordained by infinite wisdom.

An eminent scholar and Christian remarks, in one of his letters, that his youth was distinguished by an intense and ardent ambition. He suddenly rose to fame and opulence. "Interrupted success," he says, "made me vain, haughty, proud and hard-hearted. I felt as if I wanted no Saviour by my own arm—as if I could do what I pleased. But the trial of adversity arrested me in this wild career. A sickness

of several months confined me to my room. I was compelled to retire from the external world, and hold communion with my own thoughts. Stretched on a bed of languishing, I became impressed with a sense of entire and absolute dependence on Him, who in a moment can melt down our strength wither our powers, waste our frame, scatter our delights, and make dry to its very sands the great fountain of our enjoyment. That sickness bestowed upon me what is worth more than all the perishing treasures of earth." If a man, up to the age of forty, for example, should experience prosperity only—the gratification of all his wishes—he would become a very monster of impiety. Even God could not save him without the aid of terrific, homefelt, desolating adversity. In stead of pleasure, he must writhe with pain; he must exchange abundance for poverty—riot and excess for pinching want; gloom, ruin and melancholy must become his companions. His roof must send back the wail of the mourners, instead of re-echoing with loud laugh and unholy song. The tapers of the luxuriant banquet must die in their sockets, and the torches of the funeral be substituted in their room.—He must strip himself in a hovel, and lie down to sleep on the cold, damp stones of want and sorrow. God must send out his unsheltered head into the storm to obtain that rest which can be found only in a meek, lowly, penitent and suppliant spirit."

## BR. C. T. CORLISS.

Brother Corliss, who has been preaching during the summer at Saratoga Springs, has removed to Brunswick, N. Y., near Troy. He has found a circuit to which he will devote his entire time. He is a young man of good talents and attainments. We heard him preach at the Hudson River Association, and were much pleased with his discourse. We think the brethren in the places where he is to labor highly fortunate, and we sincerely trust they will render him all the aid that they can. He requests that all letters and papers designed for him should be directed to Troy, N. Y., that being the nearest P. O. to him. Br. Corliss is appointed agent for the Messenger and Ambassador.

## PERISHING MILLIONS.

An article not long since appeared in a Unitarian Journal, headed, *six hundred millions are perishing!* These were poor heathen. They were going to endless woe! and for what? Why, because they did not believe on him of whom they had never heard! because they did not know what God had never given them a chance to know! Such is orthodoxy! Such the God it presents for human love and trust and adoration! Are the men who preach thus sincere? Some of them receive an annual salary of four or five thousand dollars, and live like lords! and yet, the heathen are perishing for the Gospel!

## INFIDELITY.

Dr. Johnson was once asked, if Foote, the Comedian, was an infidel. His answer, though blunt, describes the cause of much of the infidelity of the world. There are vast numbers who reject Christianity, because they have never examined its claims. We frequently meet men who denounce the Gospel, that never read a word in its defence, and are ignorant of the New Testament. How applicable to all such is the following answer:

"I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an Infidel; but if he be an Infidel, he is an Infidel as a dog is an Infidel; that is to say, he never thought upon the subject."

## CHELSEA, MASS.

Br. C. H. Leonard has accepted a unanimous call to become the pastor of the Universalist society in Chelsea. We rejoice to learn that his prospect of success is good.

Br. E. H. Lake has accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society in Great Falls, N. H.



## MINUTES OF THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

The New York Association of Universalists met at Williamsburg, Wednesday, October 11, 1848.

The members of the Council were :

*Clerical*.—Bros. E. H. Chapin, O. A. Skinner, M. Rayner, S. C. Bulkeley, N. Y. City ; H. Lyon, Williamsburg ; O. Whiston, Monticello ; George W. Deere, Brooklyn.

*Lay Delegates*.—J. Voorheis and F. Ransom, Brooklyn ; J. N. Watkins and W. F. Brush, 2d Society, N. Y. city ; C. T. Scott and George Gilroy, 3d do. ; E. Thomas and G. F. Peterson, 4th do. ; J. Richard, and George E. Baker, Williamsburg.

Br. O. A. Skinner was chosen Moderator, and George F. Peterson Clerk.

United in prayer with Br. Whiston.

The minutes of the last Annual Meeting were read and approved.

The Committee on Fellowship, had nothing brought before them.

The Committee on Discipline had had no complaints.

Petition from the Universalist Society recently formed in Monticello, N. Y. asking fellowship with this Association, was received and request granted. Bros. E. S. Pelton and R. B. Towner, admitted as delegates. Also—Petition from the Universalist Society at Hasbuck, Sullivan Co. ; and John C. Hall and Henry Beardsley, admitted as delegates and request granted.

Adopted the following resolution, offered by Father Rayner:

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Association, a preacher in our denomination should not proceed to administer the Holy Communion or Lord's Supper, until he shall have received public ordination according to the usages of said denomination.

*Appointed* Bros. O. A. Skinner, T. B. Thayer and H. Lyon, as the committee on Fellowship and Ordination.

*Appointed*, Bros. F. Havemeyer, Edward Phillips and Barzilla Ransom, Committee on Discipline.

*Appointed*, Br. O. A. Skinner to preach the next occasional sermon.

Chose Bros. E. H. Chapin and M. Rayner, clerical. W. F. Brush and J. C. Stanley, lay, delegates to the N. Y. State Convention of Universalists, with power to appoint substitutes and fill vacancies.

*Voted*, That visiting brethren be invited to take part in our deliberations without the privilege of voting.

*Voted*, That when this Association adjourns, it adjourn to meet at Monticello. Adjourned over to Thursday, to meet at the same place at 2 o'clock.

THURSDAY 12th.—Met according to adjournment. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. In the absence of the Moderator, Br. H. Lyon was called to the chair.

Letter of Fellowship was granted to Br. G. W. Deere.

Heard reports from the different Societies.

Br. H. Lyon was appointed a committee, to report to the N. Y. State Convention, the state of the Societies belonging to this Association. Adopted the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the Clerks of the different Societies within the bounds of this Association, be requested to furnish the statistics relating to each society.

Br. H. Lyon offered the following resolution,

*Resolved*, That we consider it very improper for Societies within the bounds of this Association to employ as pastors persons not in our fellowship.

Which after discussion, was laid over for one month, to be brought up for consideration at an adjourned meeting to be held at the Orchard-street Vestry, Thursday evening, Nov. 9th, at 7 o'clock.

Tendered the thanks of the Council to the friends in Williamsburg, for their kind hospitality.

*Voted*, That the thanks of the Council be tendered to the Moderator, for the able and impartial manner in which he has presided.

Directed the Clerk to prepare the minutes for publication.

Adjourned to meet in the Orchard-street Vestry on Thursday evening, November 9th, 1848, at 7 o'clock.

OTIS A. SKINNER, *Moderator*.

GEO. F. PETERSON, *Clerk*.

VISITING BRETHREN PRESENT.—J. A. Aspinwall, Duaneburg ; J. Gallagher and J. W. Dennis, Newark, New Jersey.

## BR. WAGGONER'S REMOVAL TO ALBANY.

It will be seen by the following letter that Br. Waggoner is about to remove to Albany. He has labored zealously and faithfully in Troy, and since he has resided there the Society has paid off its debt. We sincerely hope that his labors in Albany will be crowned with abundant success. We ought to have a large society in Albany. It is an active business place, and we have no better friends in the world than in that society. Troy is a lovely city, and all our friends there have done nobly the past year, and exhibited great liberality and zeal. They are true friends of the Gospel.

TROY, OCT. 17, 1848.

DEAR BRETHREN :—You will probably be surprised when I inform you that I have just dissolved my connection with our Society in this city, and that I am soon to commence labor in another portion of the vineyard. The reasons for this include several considerations. The Society, however, had only a short time since invited me to continue another year. I leave this place for Albany, where I have been invited to settle, and in so doing I am full well aware what I have to encounter. The present condition of our cause in that city is not propitious, but by the blessing of Heaven, I hope, with the aid of the brethren there, to be able to improve it. Albany has twice the population of Troy, but our cause in the former place is not at present so strong or in as permanent a state as in the latter. With due care, however, and a disposition on all hands to be up and doing, it can soon be made to equal if not surpass it. I can say I am well pleased with the idea of my removal. Albany is a Dutch city, and being Dutch myself, I expect to enjoy the society of the people, and it may be that some will hear in preach who would turn from a stranger!

No action has as yet, been taken as to my successor here, but whoever the Br. shall be, if he be a *Christian Minister*, (and I presume none other will be employed,) he shall have my co-operation and sympathy. The two cities are only six miles apart, and a friendly interchange of feeling, &c. is ever desirable between the brethren.

Yours in Christian love,  
W. H. WAGGONER.

## BIGOTRY OF PRESBYTERIANS.

A recent number of the Presbyterian, has the following outpouring of bigotry upon the Unitarians and Dr. H. W. Beecher, for their civilities to our friends in Brooklyn. We are ashamed of a man, who has the narrowness, in this age of light and liberality, to condemn conduct so praiseworthy. He would have no favor shown to heretics! He would not even open a door to a Universalist Sabbath School! Can he suppose that partialism is to be aided by such illiberality? But he says, that Dr. Beecher is a partaker in the sin of Universalists by this act of courtesy! Their sin! What is meant by this? Does he intend to charge Universalists with insincerity; with professing that which they do not believe? If not, what does he mean? Does the holding of an error prove a man sinful? We rejoice that the Editor of the Presbyterian is not our judge. We rejoice too that he does not control the arm of civil power. Sad indeed would be the condition of all who differ from him.

CHARITY.—Recently the Universalist church in Brooklyn, New York, was destroyed by fire, and very appropriately the Unitarian Society offered to their brethren, of the same faith,



the use of their building one-half of each Sabbath. Not to be outdone in charity, the Rev. Dr. H. W. Beecher, of the Congregational church, offered his Lecture-room for the use of the Sunday School of the Universalists. The secular press, pretty much in the proportion as they have no distinctive religion, applaud these acts as the very embodiment of true religion. It is so pleasant for them to know that people are beginning to learn that there is nothing in religion worth contending for, and that all professions are alike good. We must certainly be bigots to dissent from this general praise, and yet even at the hazard of exposing ourselves to the charge, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Beecher, in affording to the Universalists the facilities for poisoning the minds of our youth with the fatal aeries which they profess, however applauded by men, will be regarded by God as a partaker of their sin.

The following remarks respecting the above, we copy from the Christian Inquirer. It was *all important* for the Inquirer to say, that there is a difference between Unitarians and Universalists.

"This from the *Presbyterian* of last week. A "bigot" must say one be, we have no hesitation in saying, who could write such a paragraph. Mr. Beecher is amply able to take care of himself, and needs none of our aid. As for our brethren at Brooklyn, they did the right thing, and from the best motives; and had any of their Presbyterian neighbors been in the same distress, we doubt not they would have been just as ready with Christian courtesy for them, as on this occasion for the Universalists. This editor knows very well the difference of faith between Universalists and Unitarians. There is a difference. Whether it be greater or smaller, we have no desire to magnify it. And most certainly we have no care to waste words on one, who will thus condescend to the pitiful business of catering to the mere prejudices of a portion of the community, or to barb the censure he would cast on an offending brother.

### MY SLEEPING CHILDREN.

The beautiful poem in another part of our paper, under the above title, will be read with deep interest. It is one of the finest productions that we ever saw. We copy from the Quarterly.

### VALUABLE ARTICLES.

We shall publish early in our new volume an excellent sermon from Br. E. H. Chapin, on Family Worship. Those who heard it preached pronounced it one of his most useful discourses. We shall also publish a highly valuable article from Mr. Thayer.

We shall also have the privilege of presenting our readers with some articles from the pen of Father Streeter of Boston.

Br. J. G. Forman has accepted the invitation from the South Universalist society in Boston, to become their pastor.

## Secular Department.

CONNECTICUT.—Gov. Bissell of Connecticut has issued his proclamation appointing Thursday, the 30th of November, as a day of Thanksgiving. He is just recovering from a sickness, during which his life was despaired of. He then concludes:

"And above all let all the people praise God for the gospel of reconciliation, by which he is bringing this offending world to himself; cheering the pilgrimage of the weary and heavy-laden, and holding out to the stricken, the sorrowful, and the dying, bright hopes of everlasting life and salvation beyond the grave."

### SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Cunard steamer *Britannia* Capt. Lang, which sailed from Liverpool on the 30th ult. arrived here on the morning of the 17th, having been nearly 17 days in making the voyage.

### FRANCE.

The National Assembly has declared in favor of a single Representative Chamber by a vote of 530 to 289.

### LEDRU-ROLLIN.

Among the most important events of the week was a dinner held in a public garden in the Champs Elysees, at which Ledru-Rollin delivered a speech which has created much excitement throughout France. The dinner was held in remembrance of the proclamation of the first French revolution. After M. Audry de Puyraudeau had made a short oration on the principles of the first revolution, which were similar to those pronounced last February, and expressed a hope that they would prove eternal, to "last as long as humanity," Ledru-Rollin made a violent attack on almost all that had been done since the revolution of February, and an eulogy of principles approaching those held by the Socialists. Although he disclaimed Socialism, it is said to have been with a significant emphasis, and his entire discourse was held to betray the sense of anticipated triumph of the red Republic which was said to have been observable in the worthy *travailleurs* of the *ateliers nationaux* immediately before the insurrection of June. About 150 representatives are stated to have been present at this dinner.

The general aspect of the Old World as displayed in our advices by the *Britannia*, has not materially varied since previous arrivals. Here and there, however, there are signs of approaching change—temporary interruptions to the present state of forced quiet. Not France alone, but all Europe is a chaos in which the elements of old and new systems are so confusedly mingled, that the wisest and clearest-headed of her rulers are frequently puzzled what step to take next. No ordered and harmonious system has yet been evolved from this state of things, but the impulses and instincts of the masses appear to be coming gradually to the light, and there is reason to hope that all popular movements will henceforth assume a form and purpose of practical bearing upon the future.

There is nothing worthy of especial notice in France or Italy. The admission of Louis Napoleon into the Assembly has passed over, as was anticipated, without disturbance, and the Republic seems at least no nearer another Revolution than at former accounts. The insurrection at Lucca is but a branch of that at Leghorn, and therefore comparatively unimportant.

The German news is the most ominous and disquieting of any we have received. The insurrection in Frankfurt has been promptly subdued, and the spirit which caused it silenced for the time; but the immediate response made to this demonstration by the Republicans in Southern Germany and the people of Cologne, shows how slight a spark is needed to set the whole Empire in a blaze. Whatever may have been the action of the German Parliament in regard to other questions, there was no just cause of such opposition, in its ratification of the Armistice with Denmark; and we fear that the spread of true Republican principles in Germany will be retarded by his hasty and ill-judged movement. The invasion of Baden by the "free-corps" of Struve and Heinzen is still more unjust in its character. It has terminated, like their former attempt, in a complete overthrow, if we may reply on the latest advices, and the Republican leaders are again left to collect their scattered bands, and make good their retreat into France. The vicinity of Baden to the French and Swiss Republics, with the shelter which the mountain fastness of the Black Forest afford these insurgents, render, it probable that the quiet of this Duchy will continue to be disturbed in a similar manner. We have, however, a strong reliance on the wisdom and moderation of the organized Republican Union, in preventing a civil convulsion and establishing by just and peaceful means, the political Freedom of Germany.

### AMERICAN CREDIT IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Corcoran, of Washington City, who recently went to England for the purpose of selling Government stocks, returned in the *Britannia*, having been entirely successful in effecting a loan. The sales made by Mr. C. is three millions of dollars, taken by 10 or 12 leading firms, including nearly all the prominent houses in London. Three houses have the option of taking another million, which they probably will do. After the arrangement was concluded, other parties made application to Mr. Corcoran to an extent equal to the amount disposed of, but declined selling.

The *London Times* of Sept. 29, in relation to this loan, says: "The extent to which the disturbances in Europe have



caused investments in the federal stock of the United States seems to have been much greater than has generally been supposed. According to a return from the 17th of June up to the sailing of the last packet from New-York, the total taken on European account during that time was not less than \$6,000,000. In addition to this it is understood \$3,000,000 have just been disposed of by one of the partners in an American banking firm, who recently came to London for the purpose. The entire federal debt is \$58,000,000; and it therefore appears that nearly one-sixth of the whole has been absorbed on this side in little more than three months, exclusive of what may have been held previously. The amount of the last loan yet remaining to be issued is \$7,000,090.

### STILL LATER FROM EUROPE.

The arrival of the Niagara, brings us seven days later dates from Europe. Nothing of special importance has occurred meantime, in Great Britain. The trial of the Irish State prisoners is progressing slowly; that of the English Chartists is concluded. In the course of the latter, the full enormity of the Government spy system has been exposed.

The attempt by Struve to effect a Republic in Baden, has failed and Struve with eighty of his confederates shot. Former accounts stated that the number shot as nine. New excitements have been pervading the French Assembly—social banquets are being held throughout France and the election of President has been transferred from the Assembly to the people.

On Saturday a scene of confusion occurred in the French chambers almost unparalleled in the history of the Assembly.

One of the members having commented in severe terms upon some late republican banquets, and condemned the apathy of the Government in relation thereto, the members of the Republican party was thrown into such a rage that they almost simultaneously rushed to the tribune, which they attempted to scale on all sides, but were prevented by the officers of the house. At length the President was obliged to put on his hat and suspend the sitting.

The Paris journals of Sunday contain long articles on the disgraceful scenes of Saturday in the National Assembly. There is a burst of indignation in all the organs of the moderate parties of every shade against the atrocious conduct of the red republicans.

The King of Prussia has, by yielding to the wishes of the National Assembly, avoided another revolution. The King of Naples refuses the mediation of England and France, and threatens to re-commence hostilities against his revolted subjects.

Political agitation continues on the continent, with sanguinary struggles between the people and their oppressors.

The death of Struve has temporarily paralyzed the patriots of Germany. Later accounts contradict Struve's death.

The Irish State trials were resumed at the expiration of the five days granted for the preparation of the defence.

No verdict had been rendered at the departure of the mail.

Cotton has declined.

Breadstuffs were firm, without change in prices.

The news from the Continent continues to betray considerable want of Political composure.

Mr. J. A. Doyle, a passenger in the Niagara from Liverpool, states that he was arrested on arrival at Halifax, on suspicion of being an Irish sympathiser. He was taken from his state room by a soldier attached to the Regiment of Fusiliers, Halifax, but as no ground appeared for the charge, he was released and came to Boston.

### SWITZERLAND.

The Gazettea Tincinese of the 22nd, announced that the blockade of the Canton by Radetzky continues and that consequently the treaty of 1845, concerning the postal communications between Lombardy and the Cantons of Lucerne, Zurich, Berne, Uri, Basle, and Ticino, having been violently infringed Switzerland is actually in a state of war with Austria. It is generally believed that Switzerland will depart from her state of neutrality, and that 10,000 men will be immediately sent to the frontier and a reserve of 30,000 called out. Several thousand Austrians are stationed between Luvene and Uggiate.

The Jesuits have been driven from almost every papal country in Europe, as the enemies of man and human freedom.

**ROMANTIC INCIDENT IN MISSOURI.**—The last Glasgow (Missouri) News tells a strange tale of one of the early settlers of Saline county. He was a Frenchman, who, about twenty years ago, became dissatisfied with the prospects before him and left his wife and daughter, to seek other means of mending his fortune. For several years, the wife and daughter awaited his return, till even affection compelled them to believe him dead. They struggled along in poverty, until the daughter grew to womanhood, and married, as did also the mother—both of them remained in straightened circumstances. Last week, however, an old grey headed man went to the humble dwelling of the daughter, and after surveying her with deep emotion for a few moments, said: "Do you know the name of your father?" To which she replied by giving it. "Then," said he "I am your father." After their mutual greetings, he brought in two bags of gold, containing \$40,000, and gave them to his daughter, and offered her husband the best farm he could find in the neighborhood. He knew his daughter by a scar on her forehead, from a wound received when a child. It is not stated what arrangements were made with the wife.

It has been supposed by some that upon the completion of the Canada improvements, Western products would take the St. Lawrence route to Europe, instead of coming down the Erie Canal. A writer in the Montreal Herald, however, takes a common-sense view of the subject, and says: If the people of Montreal and Quebec imagine for a moment that their ports can ever equal that of New York, or that their produce can be carried as cheap from their ports as from New York, where they have semi-weekly lines of packet ships to some English port capable of carrying from 8,000 to 10,000 bbls each, they will find themselves most miserably mistaken. Nothing keeps the rate of freight from New York to Liverpool at so low a figure as we generally find it but the existence of those packet ships. In ordinary times, when there is no great amount of produce pressing upon the market, and requiring immediate dispatch to England, we find the packet ships carrying Flour at rates merely nominal; for if they do not take flour they would have to take in ballast.

**THE RUINS OF ANCIENT NINEVAH.**—That wicked city which poor Jonah preached to so reluctantly—are now being explored by an English antiquarian named Layard. The city once "three day's journey" in extent, was located on the east bank of the Tigris, twenty miles below Mosul, and Mr. Layard finds that "the buildings were provided with a complete system of sewerage, each room having had a drain connected with a main sewer." The buildings are found to have been made of sun-dried bricks, the rooms lined with slabs of marble, covered with bas reliefs. The earliest buildings, constructed probably twelve hundred years before Christ, were buried, and the earth which had accumulated upon them was used as a cemetery seven hundred years before Christ.

**THE ERIE RAILROAD AT THE OTHER END.**—Forty miles of the New York and Erie Railroad, south and east from Dunkirk, are graded and ready for the superstructure. On the twelve miles formerly laid down and completed, the iron has been taken up as well as the timber sills, and housed for preservation.—*Rochester Democrat*, 17th.

The South is rapidly progressing in growing and manufacturing its own flour. Some New York millers have got into Georgia.

NINE DIVORCES were ordered by the Superior Court of Connecticut, sitting at Danbury last week.

THE MORMON TEMPLE at Nauvoo was burned to a ruin on the 9th, supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

**TRADE BETWEEN TEXAS AND CHIHUAHUA.**—The merchants of Corpus Christi announce their intention to despatch a train of wagons for Chihuahua, about the 1st of December, and invite merchants and traders generally to accompany them. Gen. Cazneau will have the direction of the enterprise. He will take up a large stock of goods.

☞ The potato crop of Massachusetts is a large yield, and entirely free from rot.

☞ According to Miss Dix's report, there are 22,000 insane persons in the Union.

☞ Sweet Potatoes are grown with good promise this year in Michigan and Ohio.



## Miscellaneous Department.

From the Odd Fellow's Offering, for 1849.

## THE DIVINE FACE.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

"I know that Face. Oftentime, in the silence of the night, it came to me, in my room, shone into my soul with its deep eyes, and baptized me with the blessing of its pale white forehead."—George Lippard.

A wondrous FACE, with heavenly radiance beaming,  
Bowed o'er me in lone watches of the night;  
It seemed no wild, nor idle, feverish dreaming,  
But a strange vision of the inner sight.  
At first, a smile o'er that sad Face was stealing,  
Then tear-drops glistened in those starry eyes,—  
A soul of tender love for man revealing,  
So pure, so fathomless, and of the skies.

Around that pale and noble brow, a glory  
Like a soft halo, spoke a form divine;  
I saw the hands!—so marred—the side! all gory!  
Oh, Holy One! that sorrowing Face was thine.  
A sad yet holy joy my heart is thrilling,  
As on that Face e'en now I seem to gaze;  
The soul's deep fount with holier love is filling,  
My spirit basks in soft and heavenly rays.

That sad, sweet Face as strong a love betokened  
As when it beamed in earth's lone pilgrimage;  
I looked again. A golden Book was opened,  
While falling tears be-gem'd the sacred page.  
Oh, then, methought I wept. A light was beaming  
With a new glory from the *Law of Love*;  
I kissed the page, with eyes in sorrow streaming—  
Oh, Holy One! well may'st thou thus reprove.

Then was I shown a world in darkness lying,  
And bid to mark its woes with pitying eyes;  
With hopeful words, to soothe the sick and dying,  
And hush with kindly deeds the orphan's sighs,—  
This heart, so long a selfishness betraying,  
Oh, may it hence a deeper yearning know;  
For all the Race e'er throbbing, hoping, praying—  
Feeling within love's constant, holiest glow!

Sweet, gentle love e'er from his heart was flowing  
Toward all souls, as from a boundless sea;  
How pure, how full,—no check nor barrier knowing  
E'en on the bloody Mount of agony!  
Ah yes; that sweet sad Face, in glory shining,  
Once moved among the poor in other lands,  
Around their hearts a holy love entwining—  
Wiping the tear-drops off with gentle hands.

Where want, and toil, and guilt, were found oppressing—  
Or souls by wrong, or fear, or scorn, were crushed,—  
There in the midst, still beamed the Face,—still blessing—  
With deeds of love the tides of woe were hushed.  
Where Hope was quenched, or sorrowing ones forsaking—  
Where souls were bowed in gloom or dark despair—  
Where hearts, with anguish pierced, were bleeding, breaking,  
The Face divine was ever beaming there.

Vain man! whose soul with self and pride is swelling—  
Thrusting the wayfarer from thy palace door,—  
Remember Him who claimed not gold nor dwelling,  
No home save that among the toiling poor.  
In temple-aisles meet not the poor with spurnings,  
The toilers too have hearts that throb—that feel—  
For heavenly bread they too have holy yearnings,  
Before one common Father all must kneel.

Oh brother men! whose swords in wrath are gleaming;  
Oh brother men! who heap the cankering gold;  
Oh brother men! with bloody banners streaming—  
Pause now—look up!—that pitying Face behold!  
The Face, the FACE! while watching, praying, sleeping—  
Beams on us e'er with mild, imploring eye;  
Sad vigils near the Holy One is keeping,  
Pointing us to a higher destiny.

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO REV. L. C. BROWNE, ON HIS LEAVING NORWICH,  
CONNECTICUT.

We would not say adieu, Brother!  
Those hours they linger still,  
Those hours we've passed in love, Brother,  
On Zion's holy hill;  
They linger yet, and should for aye,  
If the starting tear and deep drawn sigh  
Were answered in the echoing cry  
Of fate's resistless will,

But the truths that thou hast taught, Brother,  
We'll cherish in our breast,  
And ever pray for thee, Brother,  
And all thou lovest best.

Farewell, dear Shepherd, Brother, Friend!  
May health its balmy influence lend,  
And every good from Heaven descend,  
And on thee ever rest.

Norwich, Sept. 1848,

H. G. P.

## LOST IN THE WOODS.

In Chambers' *Edinburg Journal* we find the account of a surveyor being lost for five days, in the forests of New Brunswick, *without food*. The story is a true one, and vouched for as true. After narrating his wanderings for two days, the sufferer continues as follows:

I had felt, without at that moment comprehending them, very evident symptoms of approaching weakness. I frequently heard the sound of voices quite distinctly, and stopped to listen. I whooped; but not a sound in reply. The stream murmured on its bed, the wind rustled among the leaves, or whistled through the long grass; but that was all; everything else was as silent as the grave. In a short time after a most extraordinary illusion occurred. My attention was first attracted by distinctly hearing a tune whistled in the direction of the river; and looking round, I saw through the trees an Indian with two squaws and a little boy. My joy at the sight may be readily conceived; their canoe, I thought could not be far off; and I already fancied myself seated in it quietly gliding down the river. I hallooed but to my utter amazement, not the slightest notice was taken, or reply made. The Indian, with folded arms, leaned against a tree, and still continued to whistle his tune with philosophic indifference. I approached, but they receded, and appeared to shun me; I became annoyed, and persisted, but in vain, in trying to attract their notice. The dreadful truth at length flashed upon my mind; it was really no more than an illusion, and one of the most perfect description. Melancholy forebodings arose. I turned away, retraced my steps, and endeavoring to think no more of it. I had turned my back upon the vision, but as I retreated, its accompaniment of ghostly music for some time continued to fall upon my unwilling ear like a death-knell. A sort of mirage next appeared to me to spread over the low grounds, so completely real in its effect, that frequently, when expecting to step over my boots in water, I found that I was treading on long dry grass, to be convinced of the truth of which, I frequently felt with my hand. My first vision was undoubtedly the result of the *delirium tremens*, brought on by exhaustion, but whether the latter arose from the same cause or from real external phenomena, I cannot well determine.

I continued my toilsome journey along the alternate flat and tangled, or precipitous banks of the river, which from being now swollen, left me no beach to travel on. I crossed a large brook, which mistaking it for the Odell, led me to suppose myself but very little way from the settlement, (in reality upwards of twelve miles off.) I had not advanced a great way further, until I suddenly dropped down. Supposing I had merely tripped and fallen, I got up, and endeavored to continue my march, but again staggered and fell. I got up a second time, and leaning against a tree, in the hope of recovering from what I at first imagined to be temporary indisposition, again, made several fruitless attempts to walk, until at last the appalling fact forced itself upon me, that I had really lost all my strength; and as any further exertions of my own were now impossible, my case was indeed hopeless, unless discovered by some of the party, who I had no doubt were by this time in search of me, or, what certainly did appear improbable, by some persons going up the stream to lumber. Under these circumstances, I thought it best to endeavor to regain the banks of the river; but owing to my weak and disabled condition, I could scarcely do more than drag my-



self along on my hands and knees, and was consequently overtaken by the night and a sharp frost. I took shelter behind the roots of a fallen tree, and pulled off my boots, for the purpose of pouring out the water, and rendering my feet as dry as I could make them to prevent their being frozen; after which, from my feet being much swollen, I found it quite impossible to get them on again. I lay down excessively fatigued and weak; yet other sensations of suffering, both mental and physical, kept me, through another dreary night of twelve or thirteen hours, in a state which some may possibly conceive, but which I must confess my inability to describe. There was a sharp frost during the night, against which my light jacket and trousers were but a poor protection. On the morning of the 8th, when it was sufficiently clear, I discovered that I was not more than a hundred yards from the bank of the river. On endeavoring to get up, I was unable, and found both my feet and hands frozen the former, as far as my ankles, felt as perfectly hard and dead as if composed of stone. I succeeded however, with a good deal of painful exertion, in gaining the bank of the river, where I sat as long as I was able with my feet in the water, for the purpose if possible, of extracting the frost. The oiled canvass haversack in which I carried my sketching-case I filled with water of which I drank freely. The dreadful gnawings of hunger had by this time rather subsided, and I felt inclined to rest. Before leaving the bank of the river, I laid hold of the tallest alder near and drawing it down towards me, fastened my handkerchief to the top, and let it go. I also scrawled a few words on two slips of paper, describing my situation; and putting each into a piece of slit stick, threw them into the stream. I next moved back a little way among the long grass and alders; and striving to be calm and collected as my sufferings and weakness would allow I addressed myself to an all-seeing and merciful Providence, and endeavored to make my peace with Him, and place myself entirely at his disposal—feeling assured that whatever the issue might be, whether for time or eternity, it would undoubtedly be for the best. I trust I was not presumptuous, but felt perfectly calm and resigned to my fate.

I lay down amongst the wet grass, having placed my papers under my head, and my haversack, with some water, near my side. My weakness seemed to favor the most extraordinary creations of the brain. I became surrounded, especially towards evening, with a distinct assemblage of grotesque and busy figures, with which, could I have seen them under different circumstances, I should have been highly amused. Yet do I believe them to have been a great relief from the utter loneliness that must otherwise have surrounded me, as it really required an effort to establish the truth of my being alone. I passed a long and dreary night; and from its being rather milder, had some little sleep, although of a distressing and disturbed nature, and not in the least refreshing. The morning of the 9th arrived, and I could then with difficulty support myself even on my knees. Still, after extraordinary exertions, I procured a fresh supply of water and lay down—I thought most likely never to rise again. A violent burning sensation in the stomach had now come on. A few mouthfuls of water allayed it, but brought on violent spasms for five or ten minutes, after which I had, for a little while, comparative relief. In this state, gradually growing weaker, I continued until the morning of the 10th. During the night it rained in torrents, which, although in some respects inconvenient and disagreeable, had in great measures drawn the frost from my feet and hands, which, as well as my face, had become very much swollen.

In the course of the morning I thought I heard the sound of voices. I raised my head a little from the ground—all I could now accomplish—and looking through the alders, I saw a party of men and some horses on the opposite side of the river, and scarcely a hundred yards distant from where I laid. My surprise and joy were of course excessive; yet I had of late seen so many phantoms, that I was quite at a loss whether to consider it a reality or not. When at length convinced, I discovered, Alas! that both my strength and voice were so completely gone, that I could neither make myself seen nor heard. All my exertions were unavailing and my horror and disappointment may be readily conceived at seeing them depart again in the direction from which they had come. I had now given up all hope, and once more resigned myself to my apparently inevitable fate. Three hours had passed, when I again thought I heard the sound of the horse's feet on the bed of the river. On looking up, I saw they had returned to the same spot. My efforts to make myself heard were once more renewed, and I at last succeeded in producing a howl so inhuman, as to be mistaken by them for that of a wolf; but on looking up the stream they saw my handkerchief, which I had fastened to the alder, and knowing me to have been missing before they left the settlement, surmised the truth, and came at once to my assistance. I was taken into a cabin built at the stern of the

tow-boat, in which there was a small stove. They there made a bed for me, and covered me with blankets and rugs. They made me a sort of pap with bread and sugar, which they offered me, and also some potatoes. I declined their kind offering, but begged to have a little tea, which they gave me, and I went to sleep. The tow-boat had to continue her voyage some distance up the river with her freight, after which we returned and got to Cambell's late in the afternoon, where I met with every kindness and attention. The house of Mr. Cambell, to which I was brought, was but a very ordinary log house, yet with all its simple homeliness I felt quite comfortable, seeing I was surrounded with the most perfect cleanliness; and the good dame was, from long experience, well skilled as to the case she had to deal with, at the same time saying mine was much the worst she had ever had under her care.

I have thus endeavored to give an imperfect sketch of my wanderings during the period of more than five days and nights, without food or shelter from the inclemency of the weather. My recovery has been rapid: although I at first suffered a good deal, both from the returning circulation in my hands and feet, and after partaking of food. I was in a few days sufficiently well to be removed down to the mouth of the river Tobique, where I found my poor wife anxiously waiting my arrival. I must in conclusion, say that my wonderful escape ought at least to convince me that God is ever merciful to those who sincerely put their trust in Him.

## LABOR IN SWITZERLAND.

None of the women are exempt from field work, not even in the families of very substantial peasant proprietors, whose houses are furnished as well as any country manse with us. All work as regularly as the poorest male individual. The land, however, being their own, they have a choice of work, and the hard work is generally done by the men. The felling and bringing home wood for fuel, the mowing grass generally, but not always, the carrying out manure on their backs, the handling horses and cows, digging, and such heavy labor, is man's work; the binding the vine to the pole with straw, which is done three times in the course of its growth, the making the hay, pruning the vine, twitching off the superfluous leaves and tendrils, these lighter yet necessary jobs to be done about vineyards or orchards, form the woman's work.

## A METHODIST PREACHER FALLEN.

We are informed that the Rev. Mr. Salisbury, of Clinton Co., a Methodist preacher of thirty years standing has lately compromised a serious difficulty with a hired girl of his, by paying \$700. She alledged that, by various arts and tricks, he seduced her, and then took her to Cincinnati and another place to conceal his sin. After her situation became known and concealment was no longer possible, his wife sued him for a divorce, and obtained it, together with \$250 per annum, for Alimony.

It is worthy of note that this preacher had professed "sanctification," or "perfect love," as the Methodists call it, for fifteen years. In his own estimation he had obtained a complete victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. This case verifies a remark we have often made that those who claim exclusive holiness are the very men to be watched. Strange that the sanctifying doctrine of endless misery did not save a perfect man!

The Editor of the Christian Advocate published a sermon a few weeks ago, designed to show that Universalism was first preached by the devil; and we wish to ask him, in this place if Mr. Salisbury was influenced in his late acts by Universalism or Methodism?

We give the information as we received it from an intelligent gentleman just from Clinton Co.—Star.

## LETTERS PATENT.

A parliamentary paper, lately published, shows that the total number of letters patent for inventions granted in the United Kingdom in 1847, amounted to 740, against 761 in 1846, and the total fees received thereon amounted to £32,997, against £34,103 in the proceeding year. Of this sum, £20,518 was paid over to the Consolidated Fund, and £9,830 to the several officers entitled to receive the same.

"The easiest thing in the world, is to give advice; and the most difficult is, to know yourself."



## Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

### JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Surrounded by his faithful few  
The Saviour sat and taught,  
And even guileless childhood too  
His gracious accents caught;  
Though some, unknowing what they did,  
Would fain their presence have forbid.

Not so the pure and holy One,  
Who came down from above;  
Their tender age his notice won,  
Their innocence, his love,  
"Forbid them not!" repeated He,  
"But suffer them to come to me!"

He took them in his arms, and gave  
His blessing on them there;  
The boon they knew not how to crave  
He bade them freely share;  
Telling the multitude around,  
Of such his kingdom would be found.

And to this hour his love and power  
Are childhood's happiest lot;  
His mercy free, says "Come to me!"  
To man—"Forbid them not!"  
And all the blessings of his truth  
Are theirs who turn to them in youth.

From the Parent's Gift.

#### MISS BELL.

Miss Bell was an only daughter and a spoiled child. See her flaunting by with her hat and plumes; her hat in one hand and her shawl in the other! What airs she gives herself! She tries to dress like a woman, although she is not yet old enough to leave school. No one ever thinks of calling her Bella or dear Bell, or any other simple and endearing epithet; at every body in speaking of her, says, Miss Isabella or Miss Bell. She is not old enough to be a woman nor young enough to be a child. Every sensible woman would avoid her, she is so vain and so vain. Her friends cannot enjoy her society; they only endure it in the hope of doing her good. They know she is young, and hope she will grow wiser as she grows older. They hope indeed that she may. She does not make friends by her own sweetness and good temper. There are many who are interested in her for the sake of her parents, but not because she makes herself attractive to them. No one thinks of her very beautiful except herself. If she were simple and natural she would be very pretty and if she did not think so much of herself other people would think more of her; and if she took one half the pains to adorn her mind that she does to adorn her person, she would be very charming indeed. I will tell you how she passes her time. She never will go to school, unless her parents insist upon it, which they do very seldom. They are already weak in their fondness for her, and have spoiled her freely by indulgence. Still she might as well be anywhere else as at school, for when there she never studies or tries to improve. She dresses out in all her finery to excite the envy of her companions, and instead of thinking why she was not there, she is contriving some new dress or some new trimming for her hat, and fancying how becoming it will be, and how people will admire her as she passes along the street. It is very evident that she had better be any where else than at school. But suppose she is determined not to go, what do you think she does all day? I can tell you. She gets up in the morning, and whether it is early or late she spends an hour or two in dressing, instead of going out in simple and plain apparel to taste the fresh air, and enjoy the luxury of a morning walk; therefore, instead of the bright bloom that exercise gives, her cheek is pale and thin, and her eyes want the sparkle which lights up the eyes of the young and happy. After breakfast she arranges her dress, and is a full half-hour before she is glass, trying to discover how she may display every ribbon and ornament to the best advantage. Then when her dress is arranged to her mind, she dresses up her face with what she considers its prettiest expression; thinks how she will smile when she meets such and such people, and how she

will look haughty if little Miss—— passes, and how she will toss her head at this one, and bow very coldly to that one. All this she determines upon before going out; and then she is off, not to enjoy the pleasant sunshine, not to saunter in the fields, gathering flowers and laying up stores of knowledge to enrich her mind; oh no! she would not go into the fields for the world. Her stockings and shoes would be ruined, and her fine laces and ribbons lost and torn among the bushes and briars. For my part I am glad she does not go to those pleasant places without a heart to enjoy them. I am sure the flowers would blush and hang their heads for very shame, and the birds would take to their wings and fly away speedily for fear. She would be out of place among the simple and beautiful objects of nature. Yet all her finery cannot compare with the texture of the flower she treads beneath her feet, or the plumage of the bird that soars above her head. She has not a single ornament that glistens so bright as the sparkle of the waves which dance in the sunshine. Go your ways, Miss Bell, enjoy what you can, but leave the woods and the fields to those who know what the delight of rambling there is. See her now, sailing along the street. People look after her, but not, as she imagines, to admire, but to wonder who it can be that makes herself so ridiculous, and to pity or despise her vanity and affectation. Nothing gratifies her, more, than to think she excites envy, notwithstanding she knows from her own experience what an uncomfortable feeling it is. She feels it often, for a person as fond of admiration as she, will always be mortified and wounded if another is admired more than themselves, and they will dislike the loveliest character in the world in proportion as other people admire it. Bell has many acquaintances among her school-mates, but no friends. She is quite too proud to associate with any one poorer than herself, no matter how refined or cultivated their minds or how attractive their manners, and yet she envies them, and if any one notices them she will try and say something to their disadvantage. One by one her acquaintances drop away and avoid her; strangers ridicule her and point her out as a vain, disagreeable girl. Even at home she is not happy, and she makes no one happy. Her parents see that no one loves her, but they are blind to her great faults. They know she is vain; but then they say she is young, and when she grows wiser she will conquer her faults. Alas! I am very much afraid she will not grow wiser. She must first be made aware of her faults before she will set herself about the work of improvement, and who will take the pains to point them out if her parents do not? I am afraid they will take very little comfort in her in their old age. But what is worse than her vanity, is her ignorance of every thing useful either in books or employment. She never cares to read, she knows nothing that is going on in the world, she understands nothing of history, not even the history of her own country. Poor girl! I am sure she deserves our pity. I had rather be a hard-working child of poor and honest parents than so weak and giddy a thing as she. Even the little girl who has never been at school, who cannot read, is better off than Bell, if with an innocent and happy heart she can walk abroad, and learn of the birds of the forest and the flowers of the field sweet lessons of simplicity and truth which will excite her gratitude and lift her young heart to heaven.

#### A LESSON FOR SCOLDING WIVES.

"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I once.

Old Newman looked down, and his wife looked up to reply—

"Never to signify—and if he has, I deserved it?"

"And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often."

"Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel. "How can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all day? It may do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world, but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best for her own sake, for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."

#### LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

Catharine von Bora was a beautiful girl, of noble birth, who, having fallen in love with a poor student of Nuremberg, had been condemned by her parents to the cloister. Escaping with eight of her companions, after some years, she took refuge at Wittemburgh. Here Luther became attached to her. Yet, with a sense of justice, rather unusual in a lover, he wrote to the Nuremberg student—"If you desire to obtain your Cath-



arine von Bora, make haste before she is given to another, whose she almost is. Still she has not yet overcome her love for you. For my part, I should be delighted to see you united."

The student not responding to this offer, Luther married her. In this union he was most happy—the details of his domestic life are full of sweetness and tenderness.

The receipts by the Central (Mich.) railroad in September show a very large increase on the receipts of September 1847. Flour is 62,597 bbls, against 28,397, and Wheat 965,632 bushels, against 86,624 bushels.

☞ Boston Ice was selling at Vera Cruz last month at fifteen cents a pound.

### CONFERENCE.

A Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Brannan's Corners, the third Wednesday and Thursday, (the 16th and 17th) of November. A cordial invitation is extended to ministers and friends generally to attend. Those who come by railroad or canal, will stop at Port Jackson, opposite Amsterdam, where friends will be in waiting with conveyances to take them to the place of meeting.

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

### AGENT AT AUBURN, N. Y.

Mr. J. A. Keyes has been duly appointed agent for the Messenger and Ambassador, at Auburn, and his receipt for subscriptions will be valid.

S. C. BULKELEY & Co.

### CONFERENCE.

There will be a Conference of the Chenango Association of Universalists in the Methodist Church in Colesville, (New Ohio,) Broome county, on Wednesday and Thursday, November 1st and 2d. Ministering and lay brethren, and all of every sect and of no sect, who are willing to see if "any good can come out of Nazareth," are cordially invited to attend. Strangers in New Ohio, intending to worship God with us at our meetings, and arriving Tuesday evening or before religious services, (1-2 past 10,) Wednesday morning, can call at the meeting house, and a committee will direct them to places of entertainment.

J. T. GOODRICH, Stand. Clerk.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Camptown, N. J. Sunday morning, Oct. 29th. In the afternoon of the same day at Jeffersonville, and in the evening at Middleville.

ORCHARD-ST. CHURCH.—Br. O. A. Skinner will preach the third of his Series of Sermons on creeds next Sunday morning. Subject—the Bible contains a sufficient and divinely authorized creed.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in New Preston Conn. Friday evening Nov. 10. Wolcottville Saturday evening 11th, Winsted Sunday 12 A. M. Barkhamsted 2 1-2 P. M., and Woodbury Tuesday evening 14.

### Marriages.

In Bridgeport, Oct. 17th, by Rev. Moses Ballou, Mr. RANSOM D. CURTIS, to Miss MARY J. BEVANS.

### Deaths.

In Upper Middletown, Sept 25th, of Scarlet Fever, ALMIRA FRANCES H., youngest daughter of Rev W. A. Stickney, aged 2 years, 6 months and 19 days. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In Bridgeport, Ct., Oct. 11th, EUGENE, youngest son of John R. and Sarah Young, aged one year and four days.

Rest pure spirit, sweetly rest!

Hope is ours, though hearts are pained;

Earth has one dear child the less,

Heaven has one angel gained!

M. B.

In Westerly, R. I., on the 18th of October, Mrs. MATILDA WICKHAM, wife of General R. G. Burlingame, and daughter of Capt. Charles Dickerson, late of Seekonk, Mass., in the 47th year of her age.

In the demise of this estimable woman there has passed away from earth one who had experienced changes of deep religious emotion, and passed from a state of doubting and gloom to one of calm and con-  
fiding trust in the Almighty and all-good Father of the Universe. At a

very early age Mrs. B. became subject to religious impressions, and yielding to excited feeling, ere judgment and understanding were matured, she connected herself with a Calvinistic Baptist Church, with which she remained for some time, walking in its ordinances blameless; but, of course, unsatisfied with what of good, or hope, her system had to offer. But subsequently becoming acquainted with the views of Universalists, and finding in their faith that food which her soul craved, she gladly embraced it, and found in all subsequent time, that to the believer the Savior is indeed precious. Having no residence, however, where there was a Universalist Society or Church gathered, she was never a member of either, though with her lips and life, she ever freely and fearlessly vindicated the faith she had espoused; and while it was her lot in life to drink often of the cup of affliction, it was hers, in every trial, to find ample support and solace in the trust she had reposed in her Heavenly Father. Nor was her faith without its influence on her life in the various relations she sustained. As a wife, mother and friend, she was ever ready in those kind and affectionate offices which go so far to alleviate the sorrows of humanity, and to cheer the pathway of earth's pilgrimage; and while she regarded mankind, without distinction, as a vast brotherhood, her sympathies were alive to the good of all, and her cheerful mind could ever speak encouragement and hope to the child of sorrow and distress, while her hand was ever ready for their aid.

But her immediate household, where she was more intimately known, shared the most sensibly her affection and her care; and on them will her departure fall with peculiar sadness. Yet, they will derive solace in the reflection, that when affliction and even death came, she was ready in submissive trust, and looked forward to the glad prospect, which also cheers the souls of her household, when, in the spirit-land, the loved and loving of earth shall all meet to constitute one family in the bliss of Heaven. They will not sorrow as others who have no hope.

It was the request of the deceased that a Universalist Clergyman should officiate at her funeral; and the writer was accordingly permitted to minister of the consolations of the Gospel of salvation, to the mourners, and a large congregation of sympathizing friends; and to invoke on them, as he now again does, that heavenly blessing through which the mourners of earth shall be abundantly comforted. Very dear to the home circle was the presence of the departed; and sweet shall be her memory there, till faith is lost in sight, and death is swallowed up in victory.

T. J. G.

New London, Conn., Oct., 1848.

At Wallpack, Sussex Co., N. J., on Friday afternoon, Oct. 6th, Mr. PHILIP J. SMITH, aged 55 years.

The vast throng that attended his obsequies were drawn together by the love and respect they bore the dead. Fearless in his embrace of truth, a counsellor to the perplexed, to the needy a friend, he lived a life that gained him the approbation and confidence of all. Could I but speak the thought and feeling of the people among whom he lived concerning him, his goodness and honesty could not receive a greater eulogy. Of our denomination's peculiar idea, he became at an early period a zealous believer. Great the wonder of his numerous friends that a man so good and truthful could be a Universalist! While the slander that the influences of our faith are evil, was poured from the pulpit, the eye of many could not but see a perpetual reply in one who now companions with the really free. He has left many behind him mourning and weeping his loss. Eight children have still a mother to watch and advise them; but, O how they miss the strong arm of a father! Let them now draw nearer to their ever-living Parent and remember him in the days of their youth. He has provided strength for the bereaved. Widow and fatherless, be persuaded to drink deeply from its fountain—the well of the Gospel—the Bible. Believe! its truths alone can give you peace.

G. H. D.

### New-York Cattle Market...Monday, Oct. 23:

At market 1600 Beef Cattle, (800 from the South and West, via Philadelphia,) 60 Cows and Calves, and 3,200 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE—Are in good request and the prospects are fully sustained. Sales at from 5 to 7 per lb. as in quality. About 200 were left over unsold.

COWS AND CALVES—Bought from \$25a35 to 50. All sold.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Market abundantly supplied, and sales as follows: Sheep 1 1/2 to 2 7/5 to 3 7/5. Lambs \$1a2 7/5. 500 left unsold.